THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

OF the biography of St. Chrysostom, the celebrated orator of the Greek church, Gibbon has given us a sketch, interesting for the vicissitudes of his life and the extraordinary splendour of his character. With his works he professes no acquaintance, being alarmed at the sight of thirteen folio volumes, filled with homilies, and satisfied to form his opinion of their excellence from those criticks, who have been most moderate in their commendations. "They (he says) unanimously attribute to the christian orator the free command of an elegant and copious language, the judgment to conceal the advantages which he derived from the knowledge of rhetorick and philosophy; an inexhaustible fund of metaphors and similitudes, of ideas and images, to vary and illustrate the most familiar topicks; the happy art of engaging the passions in the service of virtue, and of exposing the folly as well as the turpitude of vice, almost with the truth of a dramatick representation."

As a proof that this criticism is both moderate and just, we need only refer to the wonderful effects of an oratory which exalted an obscure and unambitious individual to a height of power in the metropolis of the Eastern Empire equal, if not superiour, to that of the Emperour himself.

Having lately met with one of those volumes, and thinking that I perceive a mine of eloquence which justifies the appellation of "Chrysostom," (or "the golden mouth") given him by his contemporaries, and which might contribute, if successfully explored, to the literary wealth of the present age, I have ventured to offer you the following translation of a passage in his homily on patience:

— Remember then, my brethren! in the pressure of poverty, in the pain and languor of disease, in all your afflictions, remember the sufferings of Job, and blush for your complaints. But let me display to you all the terrours of a war in which all nature was combined against him. Ten children were torn from him! all in one dreadful moment; all in the flower of life; all in the bloom of virtue! and by no ordinary means, but by a death the most cruel, the least expected. Is there any whom such a flood of ruin would not overwhelm? Any heart of adamant which could resist it? There is none; not one. For if any one of these calamities would have been of itself intolerable, think what must have been his agony, against whom such a host of miseries was assembled!

Remember then, my brethren! when you have lost the cherished objects of your souls, a son, a daughter, remember that your refuge from despair is the example of Job. Look there for consolation. Remember his words in the midst of his anguish, they sanctify his memory with a splendour to which the lustre of a thousand diadems is pale. Behold the extent of his desolation. Behold this shipwreck of every remaining comfort, this last and bloody scene of a tragedy of horrours! You may have wept over the grave of one child, perhaps of another, or of another; but he, of all; he, in one moment the delighted father of a numerous offspring, is, in the next childless. Nor did they expire gradually and gently in their beds, nor did he sit by them, nor did he feel the last faint pressure of their hands, nor did he hear the dying whispers of affection. Even these sad soothings were denied him. Nor was any aggravation wanting which can add to the bitterness of grief. They died not only suddenly, but in their youth; not only in youth, but in innocence; unconscious of evil, unsuspicious of misfortune. In the sons and daughters of Job he had watched every bud of virtue as it opened, they shone in all the varieties of human excellence, they were worthy of all his love, and they were all beloved. If any one of these circumstances would have swelled the torrent of adversity, what must have been its fury when they were all seen united, when they all rushed together against him? The enemy of the world had put forth all his strength, had attacked him with all the malignity of his nature, he had bereaved him of all his enjoyments, he had left him no hope but for death.

When we think how these things were borne, my brethren, we are lost in amazement! we behold a miracle of the Almighty! The storm had howled among his branches, had stripped him at once of all his fruit; it had passed over him and he stood a leafless trunk—but he stood. The angry waves of affliction had rolled upon him, but his bark still floated in a sea of sorrow—All the foundations of his faith were undermined, but the tower was unshaken.

In the intervals of pain, when disease had suspended her tortures that the severer tortures of reflection might be inflicted, what must have been his feelings—His thoughts flew back to the children he had lost—sad recollection to a father! He remembered also their filial tenderness, their obedience, their endearing qualities which had increased the natural affection of a parent, and now aggravated his misfortune. Had they been vicious, the unworthiness of their lives would have been some consolation for their deaths: but the memory of their virtues showed him the inestimable value of blessings snatched from him forever. He remembered also that, alas! he had lost all—that not one was spared, that he had no earthly object of his love remaining. Had only one survived, how would he have cherished it? how sweet would have been such a comforter in his misery? But where now was a wretched father, deprived of all his children, to look for comfort? He remembered also the suddenness of their fate. The force of grief, as of joy, is strengthened by being unexpected. How often when death has seized upon his victim, after a few days illness, do we hear complaints of the cruelty of death? Yet he had beheld the destruction of his children, not in a few days, nor in a few hours, nor in one, but in a moment. In a moment the scene of their social festivity was made a den of slaughter—their habitation, their tomb! At this funeral pile, my brethren! behold a father! He searches among the ruins—he grasps a broken pillar of the building—it is wet with the blood of his children. With one trembling hand he removes a stone—the other shrinks from the mangled limb of a child. Their mutilated bodies are before him, the illusions of hope are vanished. There is neither life, nor form, nor feature remaining. In vain does he attempt to recognise their well-known lineaments, in vain to distinguish one from another. They are all alike, all lacerated with innume-

rable wounds; all crushed into a loathsome mass of deformity.

You are agitated, my brethren! I behold your tears. If you cannot hear those things, how would you have borne them? If your hearts can be thus melted by a cold recital of another's calamity, think what must have been the agony of the man who beheld it—of the father who endured it? Amidst the wailings of distress, do you hear the voice of upbraiding? Does he say "wherefore is this evil come upon me? Is this the reward of my benevolence? Have I opened my doors to the stranger? Have I distributed my wealth to the poor? Have I been a father to the fatherless? And is it therefore that I am naked and destitute? Have I instructed my children in wisdom? Have I led them in the paths of righteousness? Have I taught them to worship God? And is it therefore that he has destroyed them!"—No such murmurs escape him. He kisses the hand that chastises him. He bends with resignation to the will of Heaven—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Wonder not, my brethren, that he tore his hair—that he scattered the fragments of his garments to the winds—that he fell upon the earth—that he rolled in the dust. He was a father. Had he been unmoved, his fortitude would have been without merit—a cold and brutish philosophy would have disgraced the character of Job.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following tale was published, some months since, in the N. E. Republican. It is presumed that the circulation of that paper was not then so extensive as to have rendered the story uninteresting to the present readers of The Port Folio: it is, therefore, with some trivial alterations, offered for a place in your miscellany. A few of your friends will be pleased with its insertion, and none, perhaps, disobliged J.

EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often totally weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a mean of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune, and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind which, even in this life, active Virtue confers on her votaries; we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and Passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following "unvarnished little tale" shall speak Virtue's call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dulness of *ennui*, or the pursuit of trifles; the relater will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object: applause is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachussetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect: new connexions are formed, and new interests arise, as our years increase; and leave to friendship little beyond an empty name. To Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most active of all employments, while *my* life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family, with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey, while "the joys of other times" rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband: to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight: and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friends enjoyed a degree of domestick felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which should have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education; and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since: my friend now rests in his kindred earth; his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel: this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristick sketch; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone: the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours' repose, I was summoned to continue my journey toward Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on the back-seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health: but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was, that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfriended protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "all in?" was answered by a hoarse "yes" from the door, and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half slumber, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried: "Hush, poor little outcast! hush, my poor babe," cried she, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world!" She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted: in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man: I can have no interest in deceiving you!"—"I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible; "but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, sir."

"Painful! And you go farther still."

"To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?" I inquired hastily. She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much. "I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from heaven, and I have forfeited even that. For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer; but my babe——oh, sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be mine the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others,

your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your reliance on my protection."

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may "point its iron frown" at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults and sooth the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and if that Being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw errour in my way, may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protegè* at one of the inns, and went immediately to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a quaker, and possessed, in reality, that purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this: "A witless old cully! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shown him the difference between—but let 's hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him." With the smile of angel benevolence on her face, she replied: "Friend J. thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart: bring the poor girl to me; I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate." I waited not for a repetition of this offer; and in a few minutes the "way-worn" sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex. Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow's carriage; and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education, and an unusual proficiency in classick learning: a graceful form: a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Everard Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our *novel-writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however: Some hidden sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your zeal to censure every thing American, you sometimes charge us with faults and errours that do not belong to us. The verb *progress*, so frequently the object of your ridicule, is not a word of our own manufacture, nor is the use of it peculiar to us. It is to be found in the English newspapers, and in their *magazines*, which are of still better authority; and as I know you are in the habit of perusing these publications, in which the word must sometimes have occured, I cannot but feel surprised and hurt, that prejudice against your native country should so far get the better of your love of justice, as to render you blind to all defects but what you find at home. Let me inform you farther, the word is in *Walker's Dictionary*, and in *Entick's*, and may likewise be seen in the works of Shakspeare.

The contention about the origin or propriety of a word is, to be sure, not entitled to much earnestness of argument, nor should I have noticed the matter, only as a new proof of that antipathy which I think not properly indulged. For my part I have a natural

prepossession in favour of the country of my birth, a prepossession which, if I remember right, your favourite Burke declares to be a laudable one, and which certainly every patriotick heart must feel. But if candour, or a wish to reform, should outweigh the nature of an honest attachment, and induce us to decry its *real* imperfections, for the sake of justice at least, let us go no farther.

AN AMERICAN.

[The sixty-fourth number of "The Adelphiad" exhibits a portrait of the late archbishop of Canterbury. The character of that prelate was so respectable, and his biographer is so ingenious, that we have a double motive to invite *our* readers to look at the ensuing sketch.]

FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

THE ADELPHIAD, No. 64.

His grace the most Reverend John Moore, late archbishop of Canterbury, is one of many instances which show that men of talents may rise to the first offices in the British government, independently of all considerations of birth, title, and family connexion. He was the son of a respectable country grazier in the west of England, who gave him a liberal education, and placed him in the University of Oxford; where he was only remarkable for his application to study, and the correctness of his manners and morals. Some time after Mr. Moore entered into orders, it was rumoured at the University that a nobleman, whose name was not mentioned, had made application for a tutor to his son. The gentlemen, to whom an offer of this office was made, unanimously declined accepting it, on the supposition that, as the nobleman appeared to be ashamed of his name, he was some inferiour Scotch lord, whose patronage would never prove of any benefit. The place was, in course, offered to Mr. Moore, who cheerfully accepted it, observing at the same time, that as he had no great prospects in life, the situation, if not beneficial, could not be injurious to him. When he was informed that the nobleman, who made the application, was no less a person than the duke of Marlborough, he, with becoming diffidence and modesty, shrunk from the charge, declaring he did not, by any means, think himself qualified to enter into so great a family, or to undertake the education of a young lord who was the heir of such a distinguished title. The duke of Marlborough was so much pleased with the modest demeanour of Mr. Moore, that he in a manner insisted on his taking upon him the office he had accepted—and accordingly he was introduced into the family of the duke. Mr. Moore had the advantage of a graceful and handsome person, which attracted the attention of the dutchess dowager of Marlborough, and she actually made him the offer of her hand. Mr. Moore very prudently and honourably communicated this proposal to the duke, who advised him most sedulously to avoid the dutchess in future. With this advice he faithfully complied; and by his candour and honesty he fully secured the friendship of the duke, through whose interest and influence at court he was created a bishop. Upon the death of archbishop Cornwallis, several bishops made interest to succeed him. Their family connexions and influence were so nearly balanced, that the king found himself in a disagreeable predicament, as he could not give any one bishop the preference without offending the rest, as well as their relations and friends. The king, therefore, with great wisdom and prudence, recommended to the contending bishops to fix among themselves upon a successor to the archbishoprick. Bishop Moore was a *bon vivant*, and it was thought his habit tended to an apoplexy, which must of course carry him off in a few years:—He was also strongly recommended by his patron, the duke of Marlborough: The bishops therefore concluded upon recommending him, as, in the course of the few years he would probably live, some arrangements might take place among them, whereby they might more easily determine on what they thought a more permanent successor to the See of Canterbury. Bishop

Moore was accordingly elected, and his constitution deceived his electors, as he has filled the archiepiscopal chair about twenty years. It might have been expected, that a man who was advanced from the inferiour walks of life, to a precedence of all the ancient nobility of Great-Britain, which archbishop Moore enjoyed as metropolitan and primate of all England, would have been inflated with pride, and that he would become unmindful of his former connexions. But the dignity of archbishop Moore had no such effect upon him. He continued the same benevolent, affable, unassuming man he had ever been, and his filial piety to his parents was ever undiminished. He was a learned and pious prelate, and the sermons he composed, and occasionally delivered, were not inferiour to those of Tillotson. The business of an archbishop of Canterbury is arduous; but on Sundays, which are days of leisure, his grace attended to the invitations of different churches to preach charity sermons, &c. He was a lover of peace, and never engaged in polemical disputes; insomuch that the great Priestleian controversy, which assailed the very foundation of the doctrines of the church of England, passed by unregarded by him. No complaints have ever been heard respecting the use he made of his great power in the church; and he has left behind him the character of *a most worthy man*, and *a most excellent archbishop*.

For The Port Folio.

In many a political conversation ADDISON'S authority is triumphantly quoted as decisive in favour of those doctrines which, according to the cant of the day, are favourable to civil liberty. His Freeholder is frequently resorted to as an irrefragable proof of his bias to whiggism. It is true that Mr. Addison had a very just abhorrence for despotick power, and, though perhaps there was not much occasion for excess of alarm on the one hand, or excess of zeal on the other, he chose at the accession of George I, to display both. Though a very amiable, virtuous, and honest man, he still was biassed by that self-love, which governs spirits less enlightened than his own. By the publication of sentiments so favourable to the interests of the house of Hanover, he was sure, with his abilities, to gain attention and procure respect and power. That this was the consequence of the exertion of his talents to fortify the power of the new dynasty, was manifested immediately by his political preferment. In the reign of queen Ann, even the jacobin may remember, that Mr. ADDISON wrote a few papers which boast some authority; whether he was then a whig, in the *present* acceptation of the word, let the ensuing extract show. In one of his Tatlers he describes, under the form of an allegory, the Genius of a Republick and the Genius of a limited Monarchy like that of Great-Britain. This great man, temperate writer, and virtuous politician, speaks in the following very memorable terms of these two modes of polity.

On the left hand of the Goddess, sat the *Genius of a Commonwealth* with the *cap of Liberty* on her head, and in her hand a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his *slaves* their *freedom*. There was something *mean* and *vulgar*, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire: but had in them such casts of *fierceness* and *cruelty* as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle on which there was wrought a great *confusion of figures*. As it *flew* in the *wind*, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw *wounds* in the *bodies* of some, and *agonies* in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in *letters of blood* "*The Ides of March.*"

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre, like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions were crouching at her feet;

her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terrour; her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all who beheld her.

I saw Licentiousness dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of *monsters*, such as *Clamour* with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; *Confusion* with a *misshapen body*, and a *thousand heads*. *Impudence* with a *forehead of brass;* and *Rapine* with *hands of iron*. The tumult, noise, and uproar of this *Commonwealth* were so very great that they disturbed my imagination and awakened me.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF GUIDO.

[From a French work of high authority we have hastily translated the life of a famous painter. We regret the coarseness of *our* canvas, when we reflect upon the glories of his pencil.]

Guido Rheni, a Bolognian painter, was born in 1575. He was the son of a flute player, and his father was anxious that he should press the keys of the harpsichord; but Painting, in his eye, was more attractive than her sister. He was then apprenticed to D. Calvart, a Flemish painter; he then had the advantage of the instructions of the Carrachi, and quickly distinguished himself by his performances. The jealousy which some of the greatest masters conceived of him was a striking proof of the excellence of his genius. Caravaggio was once so forgetful of decency as to strike him a violent blow in the face. But if his pencil procured him rivals, it also procured him patrons. Pope Paul V took a peculiar pleasure in the inspection of his labours, and rewarded him with the gift of a coach and a large pension. The prince John Charles of Tuscany made him a present of a gold chain, his picture, and sixty pistoles, for a head of Hercules which he painted in less than two hours. The rapidity with which he painted was astonishing. He would have terminated a life of wealth and fame had not a love of play interrupted his labours, and blasted, in an instant, all the fruits of his application. Reduced to indigence by this absurd and ruinous passion, he never used his pencil again but as the means of subsistence, and painted ill because he painted too fast. In his old age he had the mortification to see his paintings neglected by the connoisseurs. Hunted by creditors, and abandoned by false friends, he died of chagrin at Bologna in the year 1641, aged 66. Guido was always solicitous to receive homage as an artist, and in exacting what he conceived to be due to his professional skill he was insolent and haughty. To a person who reproached him for not making his court to the cardinal legate of Bologna, he replied, *I would not exchange my pencil for his cap*. He disdained to court the great. *When these noblemen, says he, come to visit me, it is a compliment paid to my art and not to my person.*

He always worked according to a sort of ceremonial. He always dressed himself with elegance, his pupils forming in silence a circle around him, arrayed his pallet and cleaned his pencils. He never would affix any price to his performances, and received money, as an *honourarium* and not as a gratuity.

Averse to gallantry although he had a very agreeable person, he never would suffer himself to remain alone with those females who, as models, revealed to him all the temptations of their naked charms. He loved ample apartments almost vacant of furniture. Men says he, shall visit my house not for the sake of its hangings, but its paintings. The debts which he had contracted at Rome, having obliged him to abscond from that city, the cardinal legate of Rome threatened him with a legal process, unless he should return. A gentleman who overheard this menace, remarked to the ecclesiastick *that if Guido were to be manacled it must be only with a gold-*

en chain. The painter soon surrendered himself. Paul the Fifth enriched him with his bounty, and loaded him with benefits. The principal works of Guido are in Italy, but there are several of his paintings in France both in the king's cabinet and in the *Palais Royal.* All his pictures are remarkable for freedom, grace, expression, and correctness of design. His carnations are so vivid that we imagine we can discern the blood circulating in the veins of his figures. His heads are peculiarly excellent. This artist united softness and strength in all his paintings. His sketches acknowledge the same hand as his pictures. We have many engravings from his canvas.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The polite reader will readily recollect the curious letter in Peregrine Pickle which Tom Pipes, in lieu of the original, obtained from the sublime pen of the parish clerk. The witty Dr. Eachard, in one of his facetious tracts, has preserved a letter, supposed to be written by some country curate, which in the turgid, the rumbling, the fustian, the foolish, and the bombastick style, is hardly to be exceeded by a *July* oration itself.]

Most bright and transcendental madam,

I presume by the intercession of this coarse and erroneous paper to arrive at your fair and infallible fingers; and to pay the utmost tribute of my devotion at the high altar of your perfections. The great concern, madam, of my life now is only to sacrifice the poor remains of it to your intrigues, and to make all my interests and inclinations to be observant of your commands, and to do homage at the shrine of your virtues. Nay, madam, I am in some curiosity whether I be above, or this side of the heaven's canopy; for no sooner was I beamed upon by your shining ladyship, but I seemed presently to be altogether taken up. The delicacies of the palate are to me grown all insipid; and it is the contemplation, madam, of your glories alone, in which I can find any satisfying gust. In fine, madam, were there not hopes of seeing once more your angelical self, and receiving some benediction from the flambeaux of your eyes, I would presently resolve to commence blindness; and were it not for the oriental fumes that come from your breath, it should not be long before I put a period to my own. Should I indeed, madam, go about to make an harangue answerable to all those jewels that lie from your eye-lids to your fingers' ends, it must be as lofty as Teneriffe and as long as the equinoctial line; and, therefore, instead of that I have nothing else to prostrate at your feet but the everlasting disposal of

Madam,
The most devoted of all your vassals,
And the meanest of your footstools.

[H. Repton, Esq. one of the friends of Burke and Windham, and a fine fellow, of course, published a small volume of very ingenious and elegant essays to which he gave the happy and appropriate name of "Variety." In a very late edition of his works he has preserved one paper which the reader will find below; a paper of so much merit that it may, with justice, be ranked with the best and wittiest of Addison's Spectators.

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which

he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-stored with Latin, Greek, and mathematicks, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again tomorrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden-sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and though I, at first, found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematicks was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly: but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classicks, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an

unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling chaldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pidgeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almost flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost broiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself yours, &c.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

HUME insists with all the force of reason and truth, that the Tudors were more tyrannical in their temper than the Stuarts. The following is a curious picture of the imperiousness of Elizabeth.

When the speaker, Sir Edward Coke, made the three usual requests of freedom from arrest, of access to her person, and of liberty of speech, she replied to him by the mouth of Puckering, Lord Keeper, that liberty of speech was granted to the commons, but they must know *what liberty* they were entitled to: not a liberty for every one to speak what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter—their privilege extended no farther than a liberty of aye or no. That she enjoined the speaker, if he perceived any *idle heads* so negligent of their own safety as to attempt reforming the church, or innovating in the commonwealth, that he should refuse the bills exhibited for that purpose, till they were examined by such as were fitter to consider of these things, and could better judge of them: that she would not impeach the freedom of their persons; but they must beware, lest, under colour of this privilege, they imagined that any neglect of their duty could be covered or protected.

The following lines suit the season.

WINTER.

You say, my love, the drifted snow
Around our ivy roof is flying;
Why, what care I? our bosoms glow;
And Love still smiles, the storm defying.
Love shall no angry tempest fear,
Tho' frowning skies the hail may scatter,
For still our guardian Love is here,
Should howling blasts our cottage shatter.

Let icy bosoms freeze, while shrill
The north wind blows around our dwelling;
Our bosoms feel the glowing thrill,
And still with melting joys are swelling.
The hollow gust which passes by,
We scarcely hear, no danger fearing,
Yet Love's most soft and murmur'd sigh,
Shall speak in accents sweetly cheering:

Our faggot fire shall brighter blaze,
Our bed of down invite to slumber,
And till the morn shall spread its rays,
Time shall delightful moments number.
See the dull flame our taper shows!
Faintly it burns: well! let it quiver,
The torch of Love unwasted glows,
And still shall glow as bright as ever.

—

Days of my youth, ye are gliding away,
Days of my youth, ye will shortly be vanish'd,
Soon will the warm tints of fancy decay,
Soon from my cheek will the roses be banish'd.

Brief as the wild flower that lives on the spray,
Brief as the bright dew that hangs on the morning,
Youth gives its blossoms to life's barren way,
All the drear waste for an instant adorning.

Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd,
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be number'd,
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd,
All will be fled that I've wish'd, or I've slumber'd.

Go then, ye warm beaming joys of a day;
Go then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow,
Calm will I bend me to time's pale decay,
And from contentment new roses will borrow.

—

A greater and more ruinous mistake cannot be fallen into, than that the trades of agriculture and grazing can be conducted upon any other than the common principles of commerce; namely, that the producer should be permitted, and even expected, to look to all possible profit which, without fraud or violence, he can make; to turn plenty or scarcity to the best advantage he can; to keep back or bring forward his commodities at his pleasure; to account to no one for his stock or for his gain. On any other terms he is the slave of the consumer; and that he should be so is of no benefit to the consumer. No slave was ever so beneficial to the master as a freeman that deals with him on an equal footing by convention, formed on the rules and principles of contending interests and compromised advantages. The consumer, if he were suffered, would in the end always be the dupe of his own tyranny and injustice. The landed gentleman is never to forget, that the farmer is his representative.

—

A good memory—A lady who had made several *faux pas* in life, being afterwards married very happily, a company of ladies were talking over the circumstance, and mentioning that she had the frankness to tell her husband, before marriage, *all* that had happened. "What candour! what honesty!" added they. "Yes," cried Foote, joining in the general praise; "and what an *amazing memory* too."

—

Motto for a physician.—Foote being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was, "*A numine salus,*" he quickly replied, "*God help the patient.*"

—

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women soon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victor's haughty strain;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest, Love shall fashion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who with the most ardent passion
Joins the lover and the friend.

—

A wretch who had a diabolical rancour against M. Despremenil, was, in the beginning of the French revolution, accusing him of being an apostate from the cause of the people; and concluded his violent harangue by a proposal, that as his person was not immediately in their power, they should turn his wife and children into the street, and burn his house. A person of presence of mind and humanity, exclaimed, "That it would be no punishment to the real criminal, because the house and furniture belonged to the landlord, his wife to the publick, and that as for the children, they belonged to some of the best patriots in the company."

This sarcasm though believed neither by the speaker nor his audience, put them in a humour inconsistent with the horrid proposal, and saved the family of M. Despremenil from destruction.

The chancellor of France at the opening of the states, said, in a tone of oratorial flourish, that all occupations were honourable. If he meant only, that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth. But in asserting, that any thing is honourable, we imply some distinction in its favour. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature.—*Burke.*

—

THE ROSE AND THE PERYWINKLE.

How hard my fate, exclaims a Rose,
As waking to the noontide beam
Their silken folds her leaves disclose,
And blushing meet the golden gleam.

Scant is the portion nature gives
To me, unhappy flower! she cries,
A few short days my bloom survives,
Then changes, sickens, fades, and dies.

See how the sun's refulgent power
The starvling lily's bosom warms!
Each ray that cheers *her* opening flower,
Serves but to fade *my* transient charms.

While struggling zephyrs rudely press,
And o'er my tender beauties rove,
Their busy wings disturb my dress,
By Flora's fairest handmaids wove.

Yon hardy plant, that creeping spreads,
By the dank wall, its glossy green,
Nor summer's blazing ardour dreads,
Nor winter's desolated scene.

Ungrateful favourite! quick replied
The list'ning Shrub, which near her grew,
Blame not the Sun with wayward pride,
To whom thy praise, thy thanks are due.

The emerald sprays, that round thee dwell,
The rubies of thy leaf, so bright,
The gold, that studs thy honied cell
Are but reflections of his light.

Full when he rolls the tide of day
He makes thy velvet blush his care,
Bids gentle gales encircling play,
To cool for thee the parching air.

No drenching rains, no chilling blast
Thy halcyon hours are taught to know,
When Winter lays the garden waste,
And sullen showers his silent snow.

In Youth's luxuriant colours dress'd,
Ere one of their soft tints is flown,
'Tis thine to seek some virgin's breast,
And with its sweetness blend thine own.

Thus round the fair, the gay, the young,
By beauty's meteor light betray'd,
The flattering sons of Fashion throng,
In search of charms that soon shall fade:

While Virtue, Innocence, and Truth,
The tenants of the simple cot,
In cold neglect consume their youth,
Unsought, deserted, or forgot.

—

A weak woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections; he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although there are more instances of men of sense who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature by the instigation of women.

—

FROM BENNET'S LETTERS.

If you are an early riser, you may find time for every thing. It is amazing how much is gained by lopping off an hour or two from indulgence in the morning. Nor is the mere saving of time the only advantage. Our spirits are more lively, and our faculties are more awake.

I do not know a practice which I should more recommend, whether devotion, health, beauty, or improvement of the mind, were the objects in view. How cheerful and how animated are the meditations of the morning! What a delightful bloom flushes into the cheeks from its balmy exhalations! What an unspeakable cheerfulness glides into the soul, from hearing the devotional matins of the lark, and from beholding the new-born scenery of nature! How necessary is such a regimen to preserve that sweetness of complexion and of breath, which are the very essence and perfume of beauty! When people think of accounting to God for the talents they have received, they overlook the hours which are lost in morning sloth and unreasonable indulgence.

I have inured myself for many years to this habit of early rising. In the spring months of April and May particularly, I grudge every moment that is wasted after five. I consider it as a rude neglect to all those sweets which opened to salute me. And I always find so much more deducted from the firmness of my health, and the vigour of my understanding.

—

ABUSE OF POWER IN REMOTE COLONIES.

It is difficult for the most wise and upright government to correct the abuses of remote delegated power, productive of unmeasured wealth, and protected by the boldness and strength of the same ill-got riches. These

abuses, full of their own wild native vigour, will grow and flourish under mere neglect. But where the supreme authority, not content with winking at the rapacity of its inferiour instruments, is so shameless and corrupt as openly to give bounties and premiums for disobedience to its laws; when it will not trust to the activity of avarice in the pursuit of its own gains; when it secures publick robbery by all the careful jealousy and attention with which it ought to protect property from such violence; the commonwealth then is become totally perverted from its purposes; neither God nor man will long endure it; nor will it long endure itself. In that case, there is unnatural infection, a pestilential taint fermenting in the constitution of society, which fever and convulsions of some kind or other must throw off; or in which the vital powers, worsted in an unequal struggle, are pushed back upon themselves, and by a reversal of their whole functions, fester to gangrene, to death; and instead of what was but just now the delight and boast of the creation, there will be cast out in the face of the sun, a bloated, putrid, noisome carcass, full of stench and poison, an offence, a horrour, a lesson to the world.

—

Dibdin, whose Muse never tires, has just sung us the following BALLAD.

Bacchus and Venus once, in Heaven
Kept up a clamorous war:
She wondered for what wine was given,
And he what love was for.
He swore Love's soft enticing joys
A foe to wine must prove;
And she, who health by drink destroys
Unfitted is for love.

At length, to appease these scolds divine,
A fiat came from Jove,
That Love should be the friend of Wine,
And Wine the friend of Love.

Since when, all songs for jovial souls
Are never deemed divine
Till stuff'd with bottles, cupids, bowls,
And hopes and fears,
And sighs and tears,
High bumper'd glasses,
Pretty lasses,
Piercing darts,
And bleeding hearts,
Bacchus, Venus, Love, and Wine.

—

MARY,

By the late Mr. W. Clifton, an American Poet.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild-rose from the vale,
To bind the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seiz'd his hand, and ah! she cried,
Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy faithful Mary's side,
And bare thy life to every danger?

Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee;
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee!

The bugles through the forest wind
The gallant soldier's call to battle;
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle.

She said—and as the rose appears
In sun-shine when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover.

—

When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to Old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the admiral's ship, seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "D—n me, old boy, if you are not in *better spirits* than any of us."

—

PICTURE OF A STORM.

The following is extracted from a Translation of Virgil's Georgicks, by William Sotheby, Esqr. and in strength of painting has been rarely, if ever excelled.

E'en in mild Autumn, while the jocund hind
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and by the roots uptorn,
The heavy harvest sweep thro' ether borne;
While in dark eddies as the whirlwind past,
The straw and stubble flew before the blast;
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,
Heav'n pour'd in torrents, rushes on the plain,
And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain;
The dykes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:
The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,
Fear walks the world and bows th' astonish'd soul:
Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,
Or Achos blazing 'mid eternal snow:
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse woods and lash the howling wave.

MERRIMENT.

Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful. Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," said he, "these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime* and *beautiful!*"

—

Thelwall, when on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, wrote the following note and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine, "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it,—"*If you do you'll be hanged;*" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply—"*I'll be hang'd if I do.*"

—

The present lord Cork and Orrery being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny, but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

—

In the trial of a cause in the King's Bench, the attorney general charged Mr. Erskine with travelling out of his way in conducting his client's case. Mr. Erskine, in answer, said, "his learned friend had talked of the irrelevancy of certain questions which he had put; this reminded him of the celebrated Dr. Whitfield, who had been accused of rambling in his discourse by his audience; to which he replied, if *you* will ramble to the *devil, I must ramble after you.*"

—

When lady Wallace was once in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon law of Paphos forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to David Hume, who had sat without speaking for some time, with a, "Pray Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is *my age*, what answer shall I give?"—"Say, madam, replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, *that you are not yet come to the years of discretion.*"

—

Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was some time since pleading in the Court of Chancery, when he complained of being twice interrupted by the lord chancellor's clerk, whose name was *Halfpenny.* On the third interruption, the chancellor peremptorily ordered the clerk to sit down; upon which Mr. Curran exclaimed, "My lord, I thank you, you have at length nailed the *rap* to the *counter.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The caprice of which "P" complains is certainly an *irregular* feature in the character of *some* ladies. What says POPE on this subject:

Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh *odious, odious trees.*

We wish that "John Yorkshire" would send us a clean copy of Collin's "Golden days of Good Queen Bess," and any other meritorious production of that ingenious song writer. We wish that this *Yorkshire* man, who appears to be a very honest fellow and endowed with taste and judgment, would, by his *daily* opportunities, furnish us with those brilliant passages, which he knows how to select with so much propriety. We will faithfully keep his secret, and shall be truly obliged by his compliance. As "John" has such constant access to the British Journals his stock of good things must necessarily be ample.

"Jocundus" belongs to that merry class of mortals, whom Horace describes in his first ode,

Est qui nec *veteris* pocula *Massici,*
Nec partem solido *demere* de die
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

"Gracchus," if he choose, may worship the *multitude*, but may the Editor, who invokes other powers, always exclaim

——— *me* gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves ——— chori,
Secernunt *populo.*

"W," the authour of a very sprightly essay, to which we have assigned a front place in our first number, is a welcome correspondent. We shall be happy to receive either his prose or poetical essays.

"M," with elegance has translated a fragment from La Bruyere.

The allusion of "Slyboots" is perfectly accurate. Exactness of performance and loudness of profession are not always in alliance. Does "Slyboots" remember the song?

Curtis was old Hodge's wife;
For *virtue* none was ever such:
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said 't was *virtue overmuch*,
For, says *sly old Hodge*, says he,
Great talkers do the least d' ye see.

The ear of "Juvenis" is not always a listener to the laws of prosody. He should learn

—— How to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas' ears*, committing short and long.

The path of philosophy, which "Z" has traced is as crooked as his signature. Milton would address him in this wise,

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And *disapproves* that *care*, though *wise in* show
That with *superfluous burden* loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

"Solus" will be let alone as long as he wishes; no one will ever violate the solitude of such a misanthrope.

"X" must be curtailed.

EPIGRAMS.

Translation of a French epigram under a print representing persons skating.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous Pleasure's flowery ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

—

On the Venus de Medicis.

The trunk to great Praxiteles we owe,
The head to the great Michael Angelo:
Each brought his part to perfect his design;
When joined, O Angelo, the work is thine.
Viewing the *trunk*, we curse relentless Time,
But when we view the *head*, forgive the crime.

—

In prime of life Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to sooth his pain,
Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain.
His fall forlorn with grief I mourn,
The shrewd dissembler cries,
For much I fear, by this sad tear,
She 'd scratch out Abraham's eyes.

EPITAPHS.

On William Rich of Lydeard Close.

Beneath this stone in sound repose,
Lies William Rich of Lydeard close:
Eight wives he had yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five:
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand-children five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

—

On the King of Spain.

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain,
Who all his life ne'er made campaign:
He made no children, girl nor boy,
Nor gave two wives one nuptial joy.
What has this valiant prince then done,
Who long possest so vast a throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not so much as made his will.

—

On a child.

Here she lies a pretty bud
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

—

On a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse.

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy ask'd, I mercy found."

—

On Madam Wagg, who was fond of playing cards.

Here lies Madam Wagg,
And we hope she's at rest;
But without *loo* and *brag*
She 'll be sadly distrest.
So, lest cards might be few,
In so distant a land,
She discreetly withdrew,
With a pack in her hand.

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